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Lyrics and Jingles

LYRICS and JINGLES

By FREDERICK F. SCHRADER

(Editor New York Dramatic Mirror).

Author of the lyrics in "Baron Trenck," (Albini); "The Gascoñ," (Suppé); "Soldier of Fortune," (Czibulka); "The Lady in Red," (Winterfeld); and author of "Corsica," (Bergé); "Nicolette," (Bergé); "Knave of Hearts," (Bergé).

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"The art of writing singable lyrics is a knack. Schrader has the knack."—*London (Sunday) Times*.

"Where there are a hundred who can write humorous and sentimental verse, not two can write a lyric fit for the stage. It is one of the rarest of gifts."—*From a Musical Magazine.*

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"THE ACTOR."
(From "Nicolette.")

I am an actor of rôles quite uncountable,
Risen to fame over bars insurmountable.
Though I proclaim it (I hope with propriety),
No one can touch me in scope and variety.
I can act anything; my repertoire
Is of all actors' the largest by far:

I'm a tragedian
And a comedian;
My art is infinite,
Nero or Pierrot,
(Heroes in black and white);
Magical,
Tragical,
Sombre-faced clerical,
Lover hysterical;
Types drawn by Diderot,
Beaumarchais' Figaro;
Jealous Othello
Or lean Punchinello;
Also in song and dance
I am par excellence,
And, for a change, I do
Juggling and tumbling, too!

All who have seen me have praised me excessively,
For I portray all my rôles so expressively;
Only the critics carp; that base fraternity
Says that I put them to sleep for eternity.
I can act anything; my repertoire
Is of all actors' the largest by far.

I'm a tragedian, etc.

I care not whether a play is historical,
Or deals with picturesque themes allegorical,
Mysteries, pantomimes, so ad infinitum,
I am as great as the best, at a minimum.
I can act anything, etc.

I dare say you would (if not too dyspeptical),
Like my Othello, portrayed epileptical,

Or the rash Romeo, mad and emotional;
Hamlet, the dreamer, so morbid and notional;
For I play anything; my repertoire
Is of all actors' the largest by far.

I'm a tragedian
And a comedian, etc.

"FISHERMAN'S SONG."

(*From the lyric drama, "Corsica." Music by Irénée Bergé.*)

Of all the fish that swim the sea,
Not one can lure or tangle me.
The only fish that's my delight
Is fair and white.
She has a graceful form, has she,
And she's the Queen of all the sea.

Hullee, hullo,
Let the wet winds blow!
Hullee, hullo,
Let the wet winds blow!

I sing my cheer, hullee, hullo!
My sweetheart is a mermaid, oh,
That lives upon a grizzly rock
'Mid tempests' shock.
Let winds and waves make dashing spray,
Let tempests roar and breakers play,

Hullee, hullo,
Let the wet winds blow!
Hullee, hullo,
Let the wet winds blow!
Hullee, hullo!

And when the angry waves subside
I often moor my boat beside
The grizzly rock far out at sea,
Where dwelleth she!
She sits high on her parapet
And flirts with me, the gay coquette!

Hullee, hullo,
Let the wet winds blow!

BALLAD OF KARABOO.

(“Nicolette.”)

Once an ape named Karaboo
Came from distant Timbuctoo.
He longed much the world to see,
So he landed in Paree.
The ape was enterprising;
'Twas not at all surprising
That he, that he
Should love this gay Paree.

As he went about he learned
There were apes where'er he turned;
And, as he was such a swell
They received him very well.
He played the concertino,
The jewsharp, also keno,
And lo! And lo!
He soon was all the go!

Touched was every lady's heart
By the magic of his art.
With his concertino he
Was the rage at every tea.
He played with so much unction
At every social function,
His name, the same
Soon rose to mighty fame.

Then a banker's daughter, she
Asked him, “Will you marry me?
I am worth ten million francs,
Papa owns a dozen banks.”
And Karaboo relented
And finally consented,

And they, and they
Lived happily for aye.

Now a mighty progeny,
Leaders of society,
Boast with pride and much ado
Of the House of Karaboo.
And so does every flunky
Whose grandsire was a monkey.

(*To Audience*):

Do you? And you?
Well, look up "Who is Who?"

LOVE SONG.

(*Music by Irénée Bergé.*)

I longed for you, dear love, awake or dreaming,
Where'er I roamed by fortune's hard decree;
I loved but you, in spite of all my seeming—
There was, alas, there was no peace for me!
I longed for you with every heart's pulsation;
And every star that beams so high above,
Yes, every star in yon bright constellation
Will tell you of my love, sweet love!
Yes, every star in yon bright constellation
Was charged to send you tokens of my love.

I dreamt of you, dear heart, and of you only;
You seemed so near and yet so far away.
In hours of sadness, when my heart was lonely,
You came, a vision bright, in soft array,
And spoke to me in accents sweet and tender
That swayed my soul with love's compelling power;
Then come, my love, your heart to me surrender,
And be my own, my own this hour.
Oh come, my love, your heart to me surrender,
And be my own, my own, my own, this hour!

“A TOAST TO ADELINE.”

(*Music by Joseph C. Breil.*)

Within an ancient banquet hall
Rose knight and cavalier,
To toast the bride who wept aside
And joined not in their cheer.
At last the groom in cloak and plume
Raised high a cup of wine,
And cried: “I drink this blood-red grape
To Lady Adeline.
She scorned my hand and all my land,
But, by the holy rood!
I’ll ne’er give in to woman’s whim,
By force shall she be wooed.
Let come who will from heav’n or hell,
To challenge what is mine.
I’ve made my boast, I drink this toast
To Lady Adeline!”

He gazed about with sombre brows,
And hushed was jest and song;
When quickly through the door there strode
A gallant youth and strong.
He seized a cup of blood-red wine
And drew his glittering sword,
And raised them high with flashing eye
Above the banquet board.
“I have defied his guards,” he cried,
“To slay this base-born lord.
You’ve heard his boast, you’ve heard his toast;
Now hark ye, too, to mine:
I quaff this cup to one made up
Of loveliness divine.
She is my pride, my promised bride;
A toast to Adeline!”

Loud cries were heard as swords were bared,
And both stood face to face;
Nor flinched they till their heart’s blood stained
The whiteness of their lace.
Alas for Lady Adeline,

Alas, the gallant knight!
His loyal heart but feebly throbbed
Whose face was now so white.
“Oh, press a kiss upon my lips
Before I breathe my last.
Eternal bliss is in thy kiss,”
The youth sighed, failing fast.
“Staunch not my blood, but let the flood
Merge with the crimson wine,
And let it flow and mingle so,
A toast to Adeline!”

“CUPID.”

(From the opera of *Nicolette*.)

What is this thing that men call Love,
And some say came from heaven above?
A short-lived joy,
A paltry toy,
A plaything, like a waxen doll
To while away the time withal—
Sad is my lot;
I know him not!

I laugh at Love and all his wiles,
Am not responsive to his smiles.
Some pine and sigh.
Ha ha! Not I.

What can avail his subtle art
Against a well-protected heart?
I scorn his darts
And all his arts!

Who is this scapegrace from the sky
That buzzes round you like a fly?
I'd put to flight
This brazen wight,
Should he attune my heart to tears!
Ah, well! I'd simply box his ears.
Let others sigh;
Ha ha! Not I.

'TWEEN DANCES.

Among the season's debutantes
Is Violet, sweet sixteen,
Her mind aglow with pink romance,
Her gown a pale marine.
Her partner has a winning way,
Her heart is swelled with bliss—
When suddenly, so light and gay,
He tries to steal a kiss!
Her face it turns crimson with blushes so hot;
Her mamma, she says, made her promise she'd not;
"Don't ever," said mamma,
"Good manners transgress;
Say 'no' when you're dancing,
And never say 'yes'!"
And then she smiles shyly and whispers quite low,
With coquetry rare and elusive:
"In the interval, sir;
In the interval, sir;
In the interval we'll be exclusive!

She chased the hours on twinkling feet,
Her heart was all atune;
The little maiden's pulses beat;
The end came all too soon.
And in the carriage, homeward bound,
She cried in rapturous bliss:
"How sweet the memories of this night,
But most of all that kiss!"
"I told you," cried mamma, "to be on your guard."
"O mamma, the gentleman begged me so hard!"
"You foolish young damsel,
How could you act so?
I told you distinctly
To always say no!"
"While dancing, you said, and I strictly obeyed;
I told him you'd never permit it—
But—
"In the interval, ma;
In the interval, ma;
In the interval, that's when we did it!

"LISETTE."

(From "*Baroness Paula.*")

Lisette, you wilful lass,
Resistance is in vain;
So smile into my glass
And let's be friends again.
Alphonse, the happy knave,
With him I found you out;
The kisses that he gave
You took without a pout.
Lisette, ma Lisette,
Tu m'as trompé toujours;
Mais vive la grisette!
Je veux, Lisette,
Boire á nos amours.

René, the rogue, who brings
Bright ribbons which you prize,
Commits the boldest things
Before my very eyes,
And you repay him more.
Base girl, remember this,
And let my glass run o'er—
A glass for every kiss.

Lisette, ma Lisette, etc.

One evening to your door
I stole with noiseless tread;
A thief who came before
Out of your window fled.
Lisette, O my Lisette,
You're false, but let that pass;
To you, my sweet grisette,
I'll drain another glass.

Lisette, ma Lisette, etc.

“NIGHT WATCHMAN’S SONG.”

(From “*Love Laughs at Locksmiths*”—comic opera in one act.)

When I was young I used to be
The tail-end pupil of the school.
I hardly knew my a, b, c,
And Master said I was a fool.
I got a thrashing every day,
And all the blame was put on me,
Since I was sure to go astray
In anything with “ology.”

As I grew up I made my way
By slow degrees from place to place;
I was a cook and drove a dray,
And never fell into disgrace;
Except on one occasion, I
To show how I could cook and bake,
Prepared a dainty rabbit pie
And cut a cat up, by mistake.

I longed for fame on land and sea,
(I wasn’t so particular);
I thought a hero I would be,
And so enlisted for the war.
I was all right until one night
Our side was ordered to attack.
We had a brush, and in the fight
A bullet struck me in the back.

No matter what I undertook
I always came out wrong end first,
As soldier, sailor, driver, cook,
They said I was the very worst;
But, having served my country, they
Gave me a pension and the right
To slumber through the livelong day
And be the guardian of the night.

BALLAD OF THE FOX HUNT.

Ohey! Yahoy!
Through deep ravines,
O'er wooded heights,
'Mid savage scenes,
The huntsman roves
To trail his game;
With joyous heart
And loud acclaim.
With gun and hound,
At break of day,
He's up and off
And far away.
Ohey! Yahoy!
By brook and rill,
Hullo! Hallay!
O'er vale and hill!

I could sing you a merry old song, I know,
Oh, the sort of a song that they sang long ago,
Of the huntsman a-warbling his glad tralalee
In a baritone voice that went down to G,
O'er the far-lying hills, through the echoing dale;
But I'm not going to sing you a song quite so stale.

Then a ho and hullo,
With a heart all aglow,
I will tell you a merry old tale.

In the days when we went out with hound and horn,
A begrizzled old fox put his head out one morn
And remarked, "I declare! What a hullabaloo!
They're coming to get me. I know what to do!"
So he got an old aniseed bag from his lair,
And he trailed it about for a mile everywhere,
With a ho and hullo,
Running swift to and fro,
A scurvy old trick, I declare.

For along came the pack, with the sports behind,
With their horns and their hounds, but the fox didn't mind.
He just dropped the old bag o'er a precipice steep
And returned to his lair, where he went fast asleep,

While the hunt took its course o'er field and o'er crag
And the hounds and the hunters were holding the bag
 With a ho and hullo,
 And with nothing to show
But an aniseed-scented old rag!

“NICOLETTE.”
(*Music by Irénée Bergé.*)

In these solemn halls ancestral
Spooks and ghosts were wont to roam;
Steel-clad knights and ill-clad ladies
 Haunted dungeon-keep and dome!
In the corridors strange noises,
 Rattling chains and shuddering wail,
Broke the solemn midnight watches
 Till my childish heart would quail!

Where the cold moon shines and shimmers
 Over parapet and moat,
Oft in winter came the demons
 Each astride a nanny-goat!
Right across the moor and meadow
 Clattered the infernal host!
Some declared it was the geeses,
 But I know it was a ghost!

Sometimes frantic roars of laughter,
 Coming somewhere from the park,
Almost underneath my window,
 Nearly scared me stiff and stark.
For the statue of my grandpa,
 In the moonbeams pale and chill,
Used to dance with that of Venus
 A spectacular quadrille.

DAS SCHAEFER MAID.

(A Yodle.)

O, das Schaefer maid
On der Alpenspitz,
In der cooling shade
Of her cottage sits;
Und der Schaefer boob
Mit sein Feder-hoot
Spiels a serenade
On his willow-flute,
Oldiay-olay, oldiayolay,
Oldiayolay, olay, olay!

He makes goo-goo eyes
At das Schaefer maid,
Und die Maid she sighs
At his serenade.
"Lieber schatz," says he,
"Here upon der spot
Will you marry me
Oder will you not?"

Den a billy-goat
Mit a red mustache,
Feeding on his coat,
Cans und other trash,
Hears der Schaefer play,
Making eyes like sheep,
Comes up from behind
Mit a running leap,

Down goes Schaefer boob
Mit an awful crash,
Und der billy-goat
Strokes his good mustache,
While die Schaefer maid
Cries, "Ah, sad is it!"
As she picks him up
Little bit by bit.

"DEEDLE DOODLE."

(Music by Oscar Straus.)

On a June day, bright and rosy,
Tom came strolling o'er the lea,
In his hat a pretty posy
And his young heart full of glee.
Broke into a merry yodle,
Doodle, doodle, doodle, dodle. (*Simply.*)
"See the pretty flowers I've got thee,
Daisy, rose, and columbine;
Proof, my love, I've not forgot thee,
That I love thee, maiden mine!"

A composer heard this ditty
As he chanced to pass that way,
And, remarking "That's quite pretty,"
Stole the tune without delay.
Turned it over in his noddle,
For an opera, diddle, doddle. (*In Grand Opera Style.*)
"With a heart of tender feeling
'Mid sweet rose and eglantine,
Softly on my tip-toes stealing,
I am waiting, Josephine."

Then a pretty vaudevillian
Heard the charming chansonnet,
And she sang it like fair Lillian
As a comic song soubrette
To a millionaire young noodle,
Diddle, doodle, diddle, doodle! (*Like a Variety Actress.*)
"Take these orchids, Daisy Tupper,
As a mark of my esteem,
Later join me at a supper
Where the tempting white lights gleam."

By and by in each direction
People hummed and thrummed that tune;
Phonographs caught the infection
And the brass bands, very soon.
Ratata, tshing, tshing, bum-bum!
Deedle, doodle, deedle dum. (*Sing with closed lips like a
cornet.*)

Every corner now is ringing
With the fascinating tune,
And the village glee club's singing
It beneath the pallid moon
As a nerve-distracting twaddle,
Diddle, doddle, diddle, dawdle. (*In bass voice.*)
"Love accept this tender blossom
As a tribute of esteem." (*In tenor voice.*)
"Wear these flowers upon your bosom;
Of you ever will I dream; yes, dream; yes,
dream."

Tommy's song at last was fated
To be whistled in the street
As a coon-song, syncopated
With a crazy rag-time beat,
Till it even bored the poodle,
Diddle, doodle, diddle, doodle. (*Ragtime.*)
"Flowers red and green and showy
From de meadows whar dey grow,
To my yaller gal, Sweet Chloe,
Alexander Rastus Snow."

CAN YOU GUESS?

Young husband is married six months to a day;
He's tired of the opera, he's tired of the play.
"I think, dear, I'll pass all the evening with you,"
He says to his wife, "if I knew what to do.
I wish you would find something thrilling to read,
A genuine thrill is the thing that I need."
Can you guess, can you guess what it is
That she told him to read? Only this:
It wasn't a novel to give him a thrill.
She told him to read—her milliner's bill.
Can you guess? Can you guess? Can you guess?

Young Tommy would rather be busy at play
Than go to that tiresome old school every day.
So Tommy plays truant two days every week,
Although he pretends to be moral and meek.

One day he's confronted by teacher, alack!
With something he's holding concealed at his back.
 Can you guess? Can you guess what it is
 That's making poor Tom cry "Gee whiz!"?
It's not a diploma; it isn't a toy;
It isn't a thing that a boy would enjoy.
 Can you guess? Can you guess? Can you guess?

All tired out with business, the tired business man
Decides rather late on an excellent plan.
He'll go to the playhouse. "Let's see what's the bill."
He's looking for something to give him a thrill.
He sits out an act, but the show proves a bore,
When all of a sudden he hollers "Encore!"
 Can you guess? Can you guess what it is
 Can you guess what has stirred him like this?
It isn't the drama, it isn't the show—
It's something he won't tell his wifey, you know.
 Can you guess? Can you guess? Can you guess?

His wife doesn't think he is doing quite right,
She is weary of staying at home every night,
Of feeding the poodle, of petting the cat.
She's got a young coachman, his name being Pat.
He jumps at her bidding, her beck and her call,
He'd jump, if she asked him, a twenty-foot wall—
 Can you guess? Can you guess what it is
 That attracts her to Patrick like this?
They ride in the gloaming; it isn't his birth,
It isn't his fortune, it isn't his worth—
 Can you guess? Can you guess? Can you guess?

AT THE BALL.

The air is heavy with the breath of flowers
That freight with drowsy stress the glowing hours;
The tremor of a deep-toned midnight bell
Is drowned in music's own voluptuous swell.
 A thousand lights shed lustre
 Upon the proud and regal beauty of the *fête*;
 Within her scented orbit
 She moves, a Cleopatra in imperial state;

Tall and majestic, beautiful and fair,
Conscious of the grace that marks her every air;
A modern Venus with Madonna face,
A pallid statue she in sable lace.

And on her marble breast there gleams a costly gem,
And in her perfumed hair a royal diadem.
A little satined foot peeps forth with charming grace
From its embowered retreat of fleecy lace,
In listless tempo beats a soft tattoo,
Because, perchance, at loss what else to do
To show its' full aristocratic turn
Which otherwise her foes might not discern.

And now she threads the mystic mazes of a waltz
By Johann Strauss—and faster beats her pulse.
A flash of snowy skirts and rick-rack done by hand,
A cloud of incense fills the ballroom air—
Perfumes from Lubin's aromatic land—
(On which the duty's sixty over here.)
A glimpse of stockings richly clocked,
And stockings, by the way, as richly stocked;
She trips the light fantastic to the swell
Of dreamy music, and she trips it well;
Ay, like a breeze-blown breath of incense glides along
The season's fêted queen of the *bon-ton*.

Alas, that at a fashionable ball
One's pride should be predestined to a fall
And dash at fashion's slippered feet
The mocking idol of its own conceit!

Something's gone awry! The lady's in distress;
That something, too, concerns the lady's dress.
She halts and blushes. By the holy token!
Can such things happen e'en to the nobility?
How shall I put it? Button broken,
Or violated its responsibility?

With one despairing gasp she gathers skirt and train
And cuts a Spanish caper for the door,
While everything stands pitched to a high strain
And wild confusion reigns upon the floor.

Fair madame wishes all were down in Hades,
And most especially the ladies.
One last defiant look she casts upon the scene
And disappears, and never more is seen.

My moral hear: If you to fashion truckle
Don't place too much reliance on a buckle.
Else may you pose, as she, a sorry martyr,
The painful victim of a cotton garter.

MISS GLADYS TREMAINE.

(Courtesy of *The Dramatic Mirror*.)

There once was a chap, Van Ransaellar Strap,
"A great and pre-eminent critic."
Who'd first dip his pen in wormwood and then
Proceed to become analytic.
On tragedy queens commanding the scenes
No sympathy ever he wasted,
And actors who came on pinions of fame
He incontinently lambasted.
The star who played Lear received but a sneer,
And oh! how he roasted Othello.
He thought that the droll who played the Moor's rôle
Should study to play Punchinello.
And no such a queen had ever been seen
Since the day that he saw Nora Dooley,
The rosy and fair, affecting the air
Of a lady affecting Pat Chouli.
Oh, how all hearts beat when Strap took his seat,
Prepared to transfix every error;
Then pale cheeks were seen behind the great screen,
And doughty hearts fluttered with terror.

From 'Frisco to Maine, Miss Gladys Tremaine
Was starred as a great prima donna.
Though boomed to the sky, 'twas all in your eye,
And Strap vowed he'd swoop down upon 'er.
"That creature?" cried he, with sinister glee.

"I'll stop her! I'll certainly do so.
My power she shall feel; I'll bring her to heel
As once I did Signor Caruso."
Poor Gladys Tremaine! They warned her in vain
Of Strap's proverbial asperity,
For each one felt sure the noted reviewer
Would pan her with ambi-dexterity.
But just what befell our diva we'll tell
In proper and logical order,
Sans secret evasion, as fits the occasion,
As well as the truthful recorder.

Her chance of success was slim at the best,
Though billed as "the season's attraction";
And there in a "stall," in full view of all,
Sat Strap with his decks cleared for action.
She sang off the key in singing high C,
But her art quite enchanted the gallery.
"She's simply sublime, the star of her time!"
Said the press agent, earning his salary.
While Strap in a stew prepared to review
Her performance with pen dipped in acid,
Determined to write a critique that same night
So bitter that none could surpass it.
He got on his feet. As he rose from his seat,
His lofty Olympian forehead
All pursed with disdain for Gladys Tremaine,
Of whom apropos the aforesaid,
An usher in green, by all eyes unseen,
Slipped into the hand of the critic
A billet-doux pink addressed in pale ink
And dosed with some perfume mephitic.

"Dear Master," it read; "I never have said
What here I am saying, don't doubt me!
I ask it in fear—a small souvenir—
A scrap of your writing about me!
Believe me, that's all—unless you would call—
(I ask it in fear and in trembling)
On poor little me in dressing room 3,
(You'll find me my larés assembling).
I know 'tis amiss to address you like this,

*Considering the yawning disparity
Twixt'n atom like me and such a 'grandee,'
But hope you will exercise charity.
For you are the star of my hopes—YES, YOU ARE!
I pray that the Fates may protect you,
And beg to remain,*

Yours,

GLADYS TREMAINE.

P. S.—The usher'll direct you.

How such things obtain I'm loth to explain.
The acts of great men are a mystery.
But I needs must refer to things that occur
In the course of this singular history.
She brought him to book. He swallowed the hook.
For, led by the diligent usher,
Strap had himself ta'en to Gladys Tremaine,
And harked to that giddy young gusher.
Just how it was done and how Strap was won
I shall but relate here succinctly,
Except to say this, the report of a kiss
Was heard—ay, and heard quite distinctly,
By almost a score quite near to the door
During Strap's most memorial visit,
And whose knowledge of this, the aforementioned kiss,
Is vouched for as clear and explicit.
But this was suppressed, and nobody guessed
Whatever changed Strap's fierce intention.
Suffice it to say the very next day
Appeared a most glowing recension.
Her cute little ways were mentioned with praise;
Her orbs were like sunbeams from heaven.
He mentioned her shoe as of size No. 2,
(Though considerably nearer to 7).
He called her a star as great as Farrar,
A Garden—'mong singers a queen; he
Exhausted his lists of great vocalists,
From Malibran down to Trentini.
So now Miss Tremaine is famous from Maine
To the shores of the westernmost ocean;
And this and more, too, was all of it due
To a kiss well applied as a lotion.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.
(*Courtesy of "The Club Fellow."*)

You're welcome to your "little old New York."
I wouldn't take it as a Christmas gift.
Let those proclaim your charms who kneel to Force,
Or make their living by some lawless shift.
You're welcome to your boasted gay White Way,
Your mighty, high and sky-aspiring domes,
Your lobster palaces and gilded dens,
For, well you may, since you possess no homes.
What is this little old New York but sham—
A realm of pinchbecks, sharps, and curbstone wits,
Divorcées, faithless wives, cadets, and sports;
Where no one cares what follies one commits;
Where nothing but the Mighty Dollar wins respect;
Where bald success can consecrate a crime,
And ill-got gains distinguish the elect,
And laurels crown those reeking still with slime;
Where all that's good and noble meets with sneers
And drowns, unheeded, in the maddening swirl,
While social lions fight and kill themselves
To win the favor of a chorus girl!
Here snug Presumption lolls in cooling draughts,
While men of brains sweat in the ante-room
And cool their heels to beg a conference,
Till stupid office boys decide their doom.
Here love is never mentioned save in jest;
Here sacred thoughts are symptoms of disease;
Here men grow palsied toiling for success,
And women live for nothing but to please.
Here every hand is out to pick your purse;
Here scarlet women drive in state, like queens,
While hapless Virtue occupies a hearse
And Modesty wants even pork and beans!
What is this vermin that infests the cheese?
Bashi-Bazouks, Sicilian bandits, Turks,
A daily shipload of the scum of earth;
Midnight Apaches and besot Berserks;
Raw Irish bluecoats from the fens and bogs,
Rule over men and women with a club,
And False Pretense stalks boldly in the light

And treats true Merit with contemptuous snub.
How stands the dial of recorded sin?
What man was murdered in his bed last night?
Whose son was kidnapped and whose girl debauched?
Or mangled by some chauffeur's reckless flight?
Go, bend your neck to insolence and bluff;
Pay tribute to the man in blue from Cork,
And be a slave beneath the heels of Stuff—
You're welcome to your little old New York!

"IN MERRY MAY."

(Comic Duet from "*Baron Trenck*.")

CORNELIA: When I was young and fair to see—
WURZ: (A bit of ancient history)—
CORNELIA: I flirted in a girlish way,
Discreetly, as a maiden may.
WURZ: I worshipped you from near and far;
CORNELIA: Oh, yes, I was most popular!
WURZ: I wrote a sonnet to your nose!
CORNELIA: And I blushed crimson as a rose,
But secretly I longed for you,
Just as the rose longs for the dew,
WURZ: And I for you—and I for you!
CORNELIA: 'Tis very true, we did, we two.
WURZ: I worshipped thee in poetry!
Goo-goo! goo-goo!
BOTH: Ah, such the raptures that we remember
From days of youth, of song and play,
But what a difference in gray December,
From things we did in m'-m'-m'-merry May.

II.

WURZ: I'm not so young as once I was,
CORNELIA: That statement is too true, alas!
WURZ: But laurels now my brows adorn,
CORNELIA: Of all else you have been well shorn.
WURZ: I have a fascinating way;
CORNELIA: O yes, my dear, you're quite *au fait*!
WURZ: I sing my merry tralalee,
CORNELIA: And picture love—in poetry.
But oh! for the reality!

APR 7 1913

WURZ: My heart's as young as't used to be,

CORNELIA: I fondly hope that this be true.

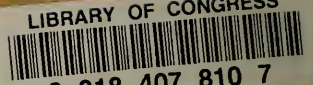
WURZ: It is, my love, I promise you,

CORNELIA: Then lean on me for sympathy.

Goo-goo, goo-goo!

BOTH: Ah, such the raptures that we remember, etc.

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